

# LIME ROCK



# GAZETTE.

DEVOTED TO COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, ART, SCIENCE, MORALITY AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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## PONTIF.

### BACHELORS.

BY MRS. R. F. THOMAS.

So, Hal, "you'll be a bachelor—"  
Who never knows his mind,  
But grumbles, fumes and stammers about,  
As bad as womankind!  
Has now a cold, and now the gout,  
And now is in a fret—  
Like children spoil, you bachelors  
Are always in a pet.  
"You'll have no wife to rule the roast,  
That plague of plagues you're spared!"  
But sure as fate a house-keeper,  
Cross-eyed and sandy haired!  
You boast, and seem to think, you'll do  
And say what'er you please—  
Why, Hal, you'll fear to speak, unless  
Your tyrant first agrees.  
And then your house, I pity you;  
A kennel for a horse,  
Where free as air, in rooms and out,  
The cat and monkey roam.  
Where tea and toast are cold,  
Where all the maids are slovens, too,  
And 'tween the cook a scold!  
Oh! Hal, when dancers gayly trip,  
To music's lively sound,  
You'll sit at home alone and sleep,  
Like drowsy under ground.  
Get married while you have the chance,  
Or else—don't look back!  
Your fate will be, like all your class,  
To mend your hose at last.

**Yankee Doodle in Austria.**—We clip the following paragraph from a letter in the New York Herald, dated Vienna, Feb. 5, 1816:—

"Vienn Temps has been performing for some time in the Imperial Opera House, and his popularity in a city where music of every kind is so closely criticised, must be highly flattering to him. He is decidedly a great favorite, and is always warmly received. A few evenings ago I was present at one of his performances, and witnessed an occurrence well calculated to excite the enthusiasm of an American heart. Vienn Temps had finished a series of his pieces with the Carnival of Venice—he was called out again, when he struck up Yankee Doodle with variations. This set the whole audience into a perfect uproar. 'Americans!' cried out one of the Austrians; 'Bravo!' a hundred others; and you may well imagine that we Americans, three or four in number, found it rather difficult to sit still during this enthusiastic expression of feeling for our beloved country. At the close of the piece the applause was unbounded. Vienn Temps was called out three times before the curtain fell, and twice afterwards; the audience each time receiving him standing, and greeting him with rounds of applause, while nearly all the ladies in the house were clapping their hands to the best of their abilities. There is one box in this house known as the English box. I cast my eyes towards it, and found its occupants silent observers of the scene: probably reflecting on Bunker Hill, Lexington, &c."

**Picture of a Mean Man.** The following is an extract from one of Dow Jr's 'Patient Sermons,' whose reputation for drawing 'full length portraits' is pretty generally known.

"My friends, too many of you (city folks, especially) are over inclined to meanness. I know some who are so vastly little—if I may be allowed to use the term—that when they are brushed from earth into the devil's dust-pan, the old chap will have to put on double magnifying spectacles and poke for a long while among the rubbish of mortality, before he can find them. There is neighbor Tight-fist, in some respects a worthy member of my congregation, and yet, I regret to say he is mean enough to chase a fat mosquito, through a five mile swamp, for the sake of his sock. To his credit, he once made a sacrifice for the good cause of putting an unfortunate looking penny in the box, and going supperless to bed.

And neighbor Stick-in-the-mud, too if he had the power, and could enrich himself thereby, would brush the silver stars from the firmament snatch the golden sun from the sky, and sell the moon for brass; and if sixpence was required at the gate of heaven, rather than pay the fee, I verily believe he would rise from his resting place at midnight, and pick the lock with a tenpenny nail.

"And so ye are digging out a hole there, Pat, are ye?" said one Irishman to another engaged in making a hole to insert a post. "No faith, it is not the hole that I am after digging out—for I am digging the dirt out and leaving the hole here!"

An exchange paper says it is easy to be seen when a girl thinks much of her beau for whenever he approaches her sorter leans up to him like a sick kitten to a hot brick

## An adventure during the last War.

From the Boston Daily Journal.

In the month of August, 1813, a beautiful brig, called the Wanderer, of a Baltimore pilot-boat model, was despatched from a port in New England for the East Indies, with full permission to 'capture, burn, sink or destroy' any vessels belonging to the enemy which might be met with on the outward or homeward-bound passages. It was thought, however, that the injury which this vessel would cause the British commerce, would not be very great, for she was far better calculated for sailing than for fighting—her whole armament consisting of only six twelve pound carronades, while twenty-five good seamen composed all her effective crew. Nevertheless, the Wanderer made an imposing appearance on the water; she was a long, black, rakish looking craft—heavily sparred, and austentatiously exhibiting nine port holes on each side. On the high seas she would be easily mistaken for the enemy for an eighteen gun brig, with all the customary means and appurtenances.

The Wanderer was commanded by Richard Wilcox, Esq., a man of great intrepidity and resolution, and who possessed, among other characteristics of a thorough seaman, a noble, generous heart.

On the outward passage, Capt Wilcox fell in with a number of British vessels, and was several times chased by their frigates and sloops of war, from which he found little difficulty in escaping. When he fell in with a large merchant ship, or a government vessel of small size, either of which would have been more than a match for the Wanderer, with her small armament and complement of men; he would hoist the 'stars and stripes,' at his tressail-peak and crowd all sail, steering towards her, with a drag astern, to retard the brig's way, and preclude the possibility of getting within point-blank shot—while, in agony of fear, the enemy would claw off with all possible despatch!

The Wanderer was bound to China, and reached Wampoa after a short passage of one hundred and fifteen days. She succeeded in getting into port, in spite of the British cruisers, which at that time were at convenient intervals along the whole southern coast of China, and which succeeded in entrapping a number of valuable American ships, and prevented others from leaving port. Her arrival caused quite a sensation among the English officers, and old Com. Trevenail arrived at Wampoa in the frigate Salamander, a few days afterwards, declared, with a knowing look, as he gazed with an admiring eye on the fair proportions of the beautiful brig, that although 'Jonathan' had fairly weathered them by entering the port, yet he would find it a difficult matter to get out.

Capt. Wilcox anchored his brig apart from the other vessels in the harbor, and took pains to conceal the actual condition of the armament and crew. On shore, especially in presence of British officers, he talked large, and impressed them with the idea that the Wanderer was a crack privateer of eighteen guns and at least one hundred men. In the mean time he was secretly purchasing his cargo of tea and silks, and by way of recreation, caused a dozen 'quakers' or wooden guns to be manufactured on board, and regularly mounted on carriages or sleds. He was thus enabled on gala days to show what appeared to be a formidable set of teeth, although the greater part of them were false ones!

One day Com. Trevenail, in a conversation with Capt. Wilcox, expressed a desire to go on board the Wanderer. The Yankee was aware that the Commodore merely wished to satisfy himself of the efficiency of his vessel, and to form an opinion of the result of any contest that might take place between the American brig and one of the English gun brigs then in those seas. Nevertheless without indicating by his manner any reluctance, Wilcox cordially invited the British officer to honor the Wanderer with his presence the next afternoon.

Capt. Wilcox went immediately on board the brig, had his 'quakers' but in good trim—and sooth to say, they made an imposing appearance in their warlike garb, and provided with aprons, tomkins, breechings, and other trimmings; cannon shot were arranged conspicuously in rows about the bulwarks—and sabres, pistols, boarding pikes in great profusion were exhibited in gulfant array.

Wilcox, who was seldom at a loss for expedients, next considered how he should make up for the deficiency in his crew, and finally applied to the captains of the few American vessels in port, for the loan of their crews for a day! This favor was readily granted. The Wanderer was soon manned by some eighty or ninety as fine fellows as ever knotted a reef point or paddened an anchor—(we had no chain cables in those days) and when Trevenail came on board in his barge, agreeably to appointment and passed up the accommodation ladder, and over the gangway, and saw such a crew, all neatly dressed, at quarters, he promptly decided in his own mind that the Wanderer was

calculated to do a great deal of mischief and would make short work with anything less than a sloop of war. He determined to take his measures accordingly.

The result equalled the expectations of Capt. Wilcox, who stood in as much fear of a small gun brig as of a frigate, but who was determined to avoid a contact with either, and trust to the nimbleness of his heels, if he could once fairly get to sea. An opportunity at length arrived.—A furious squall set in during the night.—The wind blew in fearful and fitful gusts, and the rain fell in torrents, and obscured the atmosphere. Wilcox ordered the cable to be cut, and under a reefed fore-top-sail and jib, shot like a struck dolphin out of the harbor of Wampoa.

The Wanderer had a fine run to the Cape of Good Hope, and met with nothing to furnish cause for alarm. One day, when a few degrees to the westward of the Cape, as day broke in the east, a large ship was seen steering to the eastward under a press of sail. Capt. W. altered the course of the brig and steered directly for the ship, which he soon made out to be a heavy East Indian, doubtless well armed, and manned with a numerous and effective crew.

All hands were piped to quarters.—'Come my lads,' said the captain, 'suppose we try the metal of that fellow! We have taken nothing yet, and there is good picking on board some of these outward bound Indians. The thing must be carefully done, however, for if John Bull only suspects our inferior force he will blow us out of the water, and laugh at us afterwards.'

Every rag of canvas was packed on the brig, and it was evident that the captain of the Indian did not like her appearance, for he tacked ship and stood off to the south-west. The Wanderer rapidly gained on the chase, and was fast closing on the weather quarter, when Capt. Wilcox fired a gun to windward and hoisted American colors! The ship replied by showing the English ensign, and taking in her top-gullnet sails, and was evidently preparing for a brush. Not a shot, however was fired until the Wanderer was within hail, when Capt. Wilcox sprang up on a gun near the gangway, with a speaking trumpet in his hand. He was a fine looking fellow, possessing a dignified exterior, and a voice like the famous Stentor of old.

'First division, there,' shouted he, 'see all ready to fire!' and then turning to the huge ship, with heavy cannon protruding from her mazy sides, he had the cool impudence to add in a loud and imperative tone,—"Ship ahoy! haul down your colors and lay your main topsail to the mast, or I'll give you a whole broadside!" Then turning to his crew, "Stand by my boys! take good aim! Then in his loudest tone to the Englishman. "Haul down your flag I say, this minute, or I'll blow you sky high."

This threat produced the desired effect. The British ensign came fluttering upon the deck, and the heavy main yard of the East Indian was reluctantly braced round, the helm was put hard down, and the ship was laid to with her main topsail to the mast, having struck to the U. S. letter-of-marque Wanderer.

Capt. Wilcox sent his first officer on board accompanied by his clerk, in officer's uniform, with orders to send on board the brig the captain of the ship, with his papers, and as many of the crew as the boat could convey. The ship proved to be the Alwrick Castle, Capt. Henderson, of 750 tons, of Bristol, bound to the Isle of France, with a cargo of stores, provisions, &c, of no use to the crew of a privateer. The ship mounted 16 pound carronades, and was manned by a crew of forty men, all told. The guns were all double shot with round and grape, and one broadside, well directed, would have made fearful work with the Wanderer, and decided the contest against her. But Capt. Henderson was accompanied by his wife, a young and beautiful woman, to whom he had been married but a few months. And to this circumstance must be ascribed his reluctance to engage in a desperate contest with a vessel apparently well fitted for fighting and evidently his superior. With a heavy heart he handed the officer his papers, and assisted his wife into the boat, and with the greater part of the crew were soon on board the Wanderer. The men were placed in rows for greater security, and temporarily stowed away beneath the 'quakers' in the waist.

Captain Wilcox soon ascertained by examining the ship's papers that he had captured a prize of little value. He could not spare men sufficient to navigate her into an American port; her cargo consisted in bulky articles which could not be transferred to the brig, and he issued orders to take out every man, with all their baggage and set the vessel on fire. It was then that Capt. Henderson ventured to remonstrate against such a summary disposition of property, in which he was directly interested, for he was part owner of ship and cargo. He suggested that by burning the ship, his own ruin would be effectually sealed, without any benefit to his captors, and that by restoring the ship and cargo to the legiti-

mate proprietors, Capt. Wilcox would perform a noble and magnanimous act, which would meet approval of all good men, and which would be in accordance with the dictates of benevolence and justice.

This was a view of the matter which was altogether new to the generous hearted Yankee. There was force in the Englishman's reasoning, and his feelings responded to the arguments set forth. He felt that it was little better than piracy to set fire to, and destroy property belonging to private and deserving individuals, when far away upon the ocean. But it is uncertain what would have been the result had he not at that moment caught the eye of the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Henderson. She was sad—but charming in her sadness—and addressed the captain in a musical voice which sounded to him, accustomed for months to the gruff mutterings of the sailors, like the music of the spheres. He listened to her attentively, while in eloquent language she pleaded the cause of her husband; and Capt. Wilcox, who, with all a sailor's gallantry adored a lovely woman, was in his turn completely vanquished. He told her to give herself no further apprehension; the vessel and cargo should be restored to her husband. Such was the triumph of beauty, pleading in behalf of humanity and justice!

In the meantime, the English sailors—who were stowed away among the wooden guns, were indulging in sundry philosophical remarks.

'I say, Ben,' growled a rough-looking tar, with a voice like a screech-owl troubled with the bronchitis, 'just look at the crack in this ere gun!'

'Crack!' replied Ben—so there is. That gun was never cast in a foundry. It is made of a curious kind of metal, and grew in the woods.'

'Aye,' said another of the crew, 'and here is one of the kidney. Queer kind of cannon these Yankees use.'

'Cannon!' chimed in the boatswain—'The cannon are all wooden ones. The craft has not an effective gun on board! all wood—all 'quakers'—as sure as my name is Timothy 'Twilight' Oh, we have been shamefully humbugged by these rascally Yankees! 'Whew!' and the boatswain whistled Lillibullero in a style that would have charmed 'my uncle Toby' and astonished the corporal.

This will be a pretty story to tell in England,' resumed the boatswain—'The ship Alwrick Castle, of sixteen guns, taken and burnt by a paltry Yankee merchant, armed with quakers,' and manned by a dozen greenhorns; just out of the woods! And all this comes of having women on board. They are at the bottom of all the mischief that ever was hatched. For my part, I hate the sight of a petticoat.'

'Not worse than every pretty girl hates the sight of your blear-eyed, squab-nosed, wide mouthed, and hickory bark pliz,' replied, with some fairness, Jack Spendall, a young and handsome sailor, with flowing locks, and a bright, black eye, such as ladies love to look upon. 'A pretty woman is never out of place, at sea or on shore, in fair weather or foul—and the man who grumbles at breathing the same air with a pretty woman is no sailor, and deserves to be kicked to death by donkeys.'

'That's true, Jack!' chimed in his gallant shipmates, and the boatswain was compelled to close his clamshell.

Captain Wilcox went upon deck, with Mrs. Henderson hanging upon his arm. He ordered the crew all. 'My hearties,' said he, 'you have behaved nobly. We have captured this British East Indian, of heavy force, without firing a gun and she is a lawful prize to the Wanderer. But we cannot man her and take her into an American port, and therefore the ship and her cargo are of no value to us. Her captain is the principal owner of the vessel. He is a worthy old man, although an Englishman—and the loss of his vessel will strip him of all his property, and accomplish his ruin. His wife, whom you see here before you, has been pleading eloquently in his behalf, and I have promised that the ship shall be given up to the captain, with all her effects, with liberty to proceed on her voyage. What say you my lads, have I acted right?'

'Oh! said Mrs. Henderson, stretching her arm towards the rough looking tars and addressing them in a melodious voice: Oh, do confirm the promise which your generous captain has given me, and Heaven will ever bless you!'

The sailors started at the lovely woman with as much ardor and admiration as if she had been a superior being, dropped among them from the skies; and when the captain repeated his question. 'Have I acted right?' he was replied to by a ringing shout of, 'Aye, aye, sir?' and 'Three cheers for Mrs. Henderson.'

And the cheers were given with a hearty good will; even the handcuffed Englishmen joined them, with the exception of the boatswain, who still looked sour and sulky under the rebuke of Jack Spendall.

The Englishmen were liberated and conveyed on board their ship, which was given up to Captain Henderson. The parting between Captain Wilcox and the interesting couple who had so unexpectedly honored his cabin by their presence

was extremely impressive. Captain Henderson expressed his gratitude in the warmest terms and solemnly declared he would repay the obligation, the first time it would be in his power to serve an American citizen. As for Mrs. Henderson's words could not express her grateful feelings. Her sense of gratitude seemed to overcome her sense of propriety—for when her words failed her, she threw her arms round the neck of the Yankee captain, and kissed him—much to the surprise of Captain Wilcox, who was subsequently heard to declare that the kiss lingered upon his lips for a fortnight; even salt water could not wash away the taste of it!

Two or three years passed away, and after peace was re-established between the two countries, Captain Wilcox was called to take the command of a fine ship, in the East India trade. He sailed from New England, and in due time arrived at the Cape of Good Hope. On landing and reporting his vessel, he was asked if he was the same Captain Wilcox who commanded the brig Wanderer during the war.

'The same,' replied he.  
'Then,' said the officer, 'allow me to return you my thanks for your treatment of a countryman, whom you captured off the Cape, but generously restored his vessel and cargo.'

He soon found that the story was well known at the Cape for the Alwrick Castle had put into Table Bay after the vessels had separated, and Captain Henderson and his fair companion were loud and eager in their praises of the generous hearted Yankee captain.

He was treated with great hospitality during his short stay at Cape Town. The Governor showed him many attentions—*telas* were made and parties given, for his especial gratification—and the ladies in particular welcomed him with their sweetest smiles. And all this for obeying the dictates of a generous heart, and refusing to act on the high seas in a manner more becoming in a lawless buccanier or pirate than in a member of civilized and Christian community. The more he reflected on the course which he was prevailed on to adopt with regard to the East Indian, the better satisfied he was with himself. 'What a nimny I should have been,' said he to himself, 'if I had set the Alwrick Castle on fire with the flimsy plea of doing my best to cripple the resources of the enemy!'

He left the Cape of Good Hope, and next touched at the Isle of France. After the ship was anchored in Port Louis, he started in his gig for the shore. A large English ship lay in his track, and as he drew near, he saw a lady beneath the awning on the poop, engaged in reading, while breathing the grateful sea air. As the boat was gliding past the quarter, she raised her eyes from the page, and gazed upon the features of the American captain. Her visage was instantly lighted up with astonishment and delight. 'Captain Wilcox!' she said, with eagerness—'Husband, here is 'Captain Wilcox!' she repeated looking down the skylight. Then running to the side of the deck, she snatched a scarf, which was lightly reposing on her shoulders, and waving it towards the boat attracted the attention of that gentleman, who recognized her now, and in a moment he was alongside of the Alwrick Castle.

He was received at the gangway, by Capt. Henderson and his lovely wife.—I hardly need say he was welcomed in the kindest manner. After the first warm greetings were over, Mrs. Henderson, with the agility of a fairy, descended into the cabin, which was elegantly fitted up, and returned on deck, bearing in her arms a bright looking child, about two years old, who was indeed a miniature edition of herself. 'His name, said she, while her eyes were suffused with the tears of gratitude, 'is Charles Wilcox Henderson?'

As Captain Wilcox stepped over the gangway after bidding his friend a temporary adieu, he was heard to mutter to himself, 'What an unmitigated scoundrel I should have been to have burnt the Alwrick Castle.'

From the South Carolina

## MEXICO.

Taking the national characteristics of this restless people, into consideration, the vast extent of the Mexican territory, the vindictive and lawless rapacity of her petty rulers, and the jealousy and personal favoritism, which seem to govern and direct even her national deliberations, we can see no prospect for the substitution of any other national authority over that miserable people, except it be by the advancement of civilization. Such civilization is not to be instituted and directed by the force of arms, or by martial conquests. The conquests of Cortez left no moral improvement upon the ancient Mexicans. The Aztec nation sickened and died, and the degeneracy and turpitudes of the Spaniard banished all the elements of moral grandeur, from the loveliest clime of the world. In time the Spaniard relapsed into semi-barbarity, and though he is a savage, he would not look upon a European dictator, with the same blind dumfounded enthusiasm, which charac-

terized the submission of the last of the Montezumas to his grasping ancestors.—No! Sword would flash before sword, treachery would circumvent civilized valor, and bloody demoralizing, indiscriminate slaughter, would characterize the conflicts of the nations of Europe and the factions of Mexico.

There is but one hope for the regeneration and elevation of Mexico, and the development of that hope perhaps lies in the distant future, many a long year. The Yucatecos already cry aloud for a union with the United States, and desire the fostering protection of our laws and institutions. Six hundred thousand voices demanding freedom and imploring protection, are not to be disregarded many years, especially if that freedom and protection which they so earnestly desire will guarantee them liberty of conscience. That voice from the far-South, coupled with the rapidly advancing Anglo-American interests in the Californias, will reach over the whole of Mexico, long before even a tythe of the Mexican people, will honestly desire the protection of a European potentate. Mexico has once been conquered by the sword; she has frequently made feeble attempts to throw off the weak fetters of her own petty tyrants—but her hour has not come. Her teachers have not scattered the fires which are to light up the superstitious avenues of her soul, and to lend her people onward, step by step, into paths of knowledge, wisdom, glory, and substantial power and peace. The only revolution, which will ever be of permanent benefit to Mexico, will be an intellectual awakening, an appreciation of freedom and an interest in the reciprocal benefits of social intercourse with her American neighbors.

As a commercial nation she can never acquire importance in the world, not more from the aversion of her people to extend commercial operation, than from her natural disadvantages. Her internal resources in a natural point of view, are, however, of the most inexhaustible character and capacity. Her present population is estimated at eight millions of people, which gives to her area 1,650,000 square miles a little over a ratio of seven inhabitants to a square mile. The agricultural productions of this country, so highly favored by climate and richness of soil, would if properly cultivated, easily support in bountiful abundance, 200 persons to the square mile, and this shows room for a population equal to what we hope the United States will finally possess. A writer of distinction, Burkhardt, rates the classes nearly as follows—and the relative proportion of each caste remains about the same, though the Indians have always been rated too low:

Indians	4,500,000
Whites	1,000,000
Negroes	6,000
Mestizos and other castes	2,494,000
Total	8,000,000

The following enumeration, which served as a basis of the call of the Congress, under the Convention of Tacubaya, for the formation of a new Constitution in 1812, may be more satisfactory to the general reader, who desires to know the comparative strength of the population of the different departments of Mexico, and we therefore give it at length from the Government statistics of the Republic, viz:—

Departments.	Population.
Mexico	1,389,520
Jalisco	679,211
Puebla	663,992
Yucatan	260,948
Guerrero	512,606
Oaxaca	500,278
Michoacan	497,906
Sau Luis Potosi	321,849
Zacatecas	273,575
Veracruz	264,389
Durango	162,608
Chihuahua	147,600
Sinaloa	117,000
Chapas	111,206
Sonora	124,000
Queretaro	120,500
Nuevo Leon	101,108
Tamulipas	100,068
Coahuila	75,310
Aguila-Cahentia	69,698
Tabasco	63,580
Nuevo Mexico	57,026
California	56,439

Total in 1812:	7,015,509
Indians not enumerated, and increase of population, say	981,419
Making in all.	8,000,000

Some late authors say this estimate of population is too small, whilst others say it is over estimated, but we set it down as probably nearer the truth, than any estimate which we can arrive at—because it is the most authentic, and hence the most reliable. Of this number there are of the—

Secular clergy	8,000
Monks	1,700
Nuns	1,500
	6,800

which exhibits quite a limited number of spiritual teachers for eight millions of people. This deficiency of religious teachers is to furnish the aperture into which the entering wedge of civilization, and moral reformation of the Mexican people, is to be driven. There lies the hope for their future elevation, and the



Book of Life, and the exertions of good and holy teachers, we care not of what denomination, so they be christian men, will do for Mexican glory, what the sword of the invader has heretofore failed to accomplish. Teachings of religion, unconnected with personal aggrandizement, the influence of morality carried to a people, who if they were once awakened, would seize with avidity new and ennobling exertions, would soon bring about that revolution of intelligence in Mexico which must eventually become the conquering passion of her now benighted people. As it is, her religious teachers are the misers of the land, the irresponsible treasurers and recipients of the toil of her laborers, the terror of her rulers, and the severers of the country. This small number, they possess unbounded wealth, and their conventional establishments, in order, are as follows:

The Dominicans	17
Franciscans	66
Augustines	22
Carmelites	15
Trinitarians	19
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The limited clergy is the richest in the world, as the following valuation and estimates clearly show:

Real estate	\$10,000,000
Churches, &c.	20,000,000
Jewels and plate	25,000,000
Bonds and mortgages	15,000,000
Loans and capital, &c.	10,000,000
And the capital required to produce the sum received by them yearly in tithes	15,000,000
	\$100,000,000

Even this large sum has been estimated by some able authors at from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000 more.

This statement, which is correct in every particular, as far as we can derive statistical accounts from the books of reliable travelers, will at once show the true causes of the intellectual inferiority of the Mexican people, and the causes acting upon the most refined, prosperous and enlightened nation of the world, would under similar circumstances be attended with the same lamentable results. If we saw the clergy of our own land directed their energies to the accumulation of wealth alone, and not to the general dissemination of intelligence, we would be the first to stigmatize them as the ultimate oppressors of the country. We feel that the Christian idea is finally to work the desired end in Mexico. We advocate the extension of no sect, nor do we desire to see any who a knowledge the truths of the Christian religion excluded from the noble competition of regenerating a depraved nation. No! there is room enough for all, the laborers in the vineyard are as yet few, and the harvest is ripening for the sickle of the reaper.

These are the means which are to elevate Mexico amongst her sister nations. Not to the panoply and glitter, the pennon and halberd, the lance and battle axe, the waving trumpet and crashing cymbal of the knightly Crusade, are we to look for great achievements; for these all failed in winning even the tomb of our Saviour and the city of promise from a Paynim foe, and what could we expect from them in elevating a people who cleave to their sins. But to the conquering genius of mind, aided by faith and truth, must we look for the ennobling consummation, which is to make the Mexican citizen a proper and valuable contributor to aid in the extension and support of intellectual and personal freedom on the American Continent.

**ARMS FOR THE GULF DEFENSES.**—On Saturday night and during the entire day of Sunday, says the Pittsburgh Chronicle a large number of wagons were employed in conveying arms and ammunition, of various kinds from the arsenal to the river where they are being shipped on board steamers Talisman and Hatchee Eagle and directed to forts Monroe, St. Philip, and other defenses on the Gulf. Hundreds of boxes of rifles and muskets, with immense quantities of mounted artillery &c have been ordered by government from the arsenal at Pittsburgh, to our southwestern frontier. We understand further, that the latest activity at present prevails at the arsenal in order to furnish the requisite amount immediately. The workmen are employed day and night casting balls, preparing cartridges, and manufacturing arms of various kinds.

**OUR NAVY IN THE GULF.** At the last advices from Brazos Santiago, Commodore Conner, with the whole American squadron excepting the Fairmount, was at that port, having hastened thither from Vera Cruz, to offer assistance to General Taylor, on learning that his army was in danger, and that the Mexicans might attack Point Isabel. He offered to place some 12 or 1500 seamen and mariners under his orders, if necessary, and some hundred men were landed to man the defenses at Point Isabel, before the reinforcements arrived.

U. S. frigate United States, dropped from the Navy Yard in Charleston, yesterday into the stream opposite to Long wharf.

U. S. Schooner Flirt, Lt. Smedley, arrived at New Orleans from Point Isabel, on the 15th. The N. O. Bulletin says:

"The Flirt comes to this port, as we understand, for the purpose of taking on additional armament, and recruiting the number of her men to the war complement. She is pierced for eight guns and at present carries but four. She will take on here four others of heavier metal. The Flirt, from her light draft and her sailing qualities, is admirably fitted for the capture of privateers and it will be an object, we presume, for seamen to get on board of her."

From the Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser: "I have no doubt that Paredes is himself an English agent and that he was provided the means for assuming the position he holds in England."

## Who is Gen. Taylor?

Gen. Taylor entered the army in 1808, immediately after the attack on the Chesapeake, and has been in the service of his country from that time to the present. Having entered the army as a Lieutenant of Infantry, he had risen to the command of a company, at the beginning of the last war.

For his gallant defence of Fort Harrison on the 5th September, 1812, President Madison conferred upon him the brevet rank of Major, and he is now the oldest brevet in the army.

In 1832, he became the Colonel of the 6th Infantry, with this regiment he went to Florida in 1835, where he was always foremost in danger.

On the 25th December, 1835, Col. Taylor at the head of a detachment of about 500 men, composed of parts of the first, fourth and sixth regiments of U. S. Infantry and some Missouri volunteers, met about 700 Indians, under Aligator, Sam Jones, and Coconochie, on the banks of the Okechee-Lee. This battle was fought by the Indians, for the day before the engagement, Col. T. received a challenge from Aligator, telling him where to find him, and bantering him to come on.

Col. Taylor desiring nothing better, immediately pushed on, at a rapid march to the appointed battle-ground, fearing that the wily Indian might change his purpose. The Indians had a strong position in a thick swamp, covered in front by a small stream, whose quicksands rendered it almost impassable, but he pushed through the quicksands and swamps in the face of a deadly fire from a concealed fog, driving the Indians before him. The action was long and severe. The Indians yielded the ground inch by inch, and then only at the point of the bayonet. After three hours of bloody contest, the Indians were routed and pursued with great slaughter until night. This was the last stand the Indians ever made, in a large body, and the only instance in which they voluntarily gave battle. Though Col. Taylor won the day it was at the expense of 139 men killed and wounded—more than one fourth of his whole force. Two colonels, (Colonel Thompson of the 5th Infantry, and Col. Gentry of the Missouri Volunteers,) fell at the head of the troops. Capt. Van Sweeringen and Lieutenants Brooke and Carter, also fell in the engagement.

During the whole of the engagement, Col. Taylor remained on horse-back, passing from point to point, cheering his men to the conflict, and exposed to the Indian rifle at every moment.

For this battle, Mr. Poinsett, Secretary of War, rendered merited praise to all engaged, in his communication to Congress. The brevet of Brigadier General was conferred on Col. Taylor, and he was given the chief command in Florida; when he resigned in 1840, after four or five years arduous and indomitable service in the swamps and hammocks of Florida.

After his retirement from Florida, he was assigned to the command of the 1st Department of the Army, including the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama &c, with his headquarters at Fort Jessup, Louisiana.

His position gave him the command of the "Army of Occupation," but the usages of the service would have justified the Government in assigning to that command either of the six general officers of the Regular Army, whose rank is higher than his.

Gen. Taylor is about 56 years of age; is a man of much general information and an excellent and tried soldier; a prudent and skillful commander, whose traits of character are, a wise precaution in providing for the hour of trial, and a fearless courage in battle.

He is a Kentuckian by birth, and all that that word implies. He is an American in heart, and stamped with all the elements of a hero, by nature.

Under his command the flag of the Union will receive no dishonor on the banks of the Rio Grande.

**THE LATE LIEUT. PORTER.**—The Chester Republican published a letter from the late Theodore Porter, to his brother, probably the last ever written by him, bearing date April 15th. We extract the following paragraphs as evincing the true spirit of a gallant officer.

"The General has been good enough to give me a nice little job, in which, should I succeed, will make me a Captain. You will see where I have placed two boats under the guns of No. 1. I have to swim the river with fifty men and either bring them over or destroy them. The General is very anxious to secure them. If he can get over two hundred men in them he can secure the town in half an hour. The river is 200 yards wide, and runs like a mill race. When the first gun is fired I am to start—you may be sure I look for that gun—and when I write again I hope to be able to tell you I have been successful."

The Republican likewise says, Mexico has been the grave of Porters. Two sons of the Commodore died there of yellow fever, and now another has been cut off in the prime of life and usefulness by a lawless banditti.

**PURCHASE OF WAR VESSELS.**—We are informed that Commodore Kearney, and Commodore Perry, now in this city, have purchased two steamers of 500 tons each, and four schooners of 300 tons, built by Bell & Brown of this city for the Mexicans, who were unable or unwilling to pay for them. [New-York Express.]

**TEEN SOLDIERS FOR THE RIO GRANDE.**—The Galveston Citizen of the 15th says: "A letter has been received here by Gen. Johnson, from Gov. Henderson dated the 8th inst., in which the Governor states that he was about to leave for Corpus Christi—to assume his position, we presume, in the command of the volunteers of the state, according to the resolution of the Legislature."

We give below an interesting account of the battle of the 9th, as described by an officer of the U. S. Army, in a letter published in the Providence Transcript. The army marched from Point Isabel on the 7th, about two thousand strong, having a train of 230 wagons to guard, carrying up supplies to fort Taylor, opposite Matamoros. About one o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th, they encountered a large body of Mexicans, who opened a heavy and well directed fire upon our army, which was immediately returned. The cannonading lasted until sunset, and for the last hour our batteries made fearful havoc in their ranks. The enemy made a rapid retreat, leaving the ground strewn with their dead, and with abandoned ammunition. Where one of their batteries had been stationed, fifty-seven dead bodies were counted in one group. The letter goes on to give a description of the second battle:

"As we were advancing in line on the 9th, and expecting every instant the order to charge, for we did not then know that the enemy had gone, we came up to a wounded Mexican lying in the long grass, and invisible until we were close to him; he raised himself as well as he could, held up his hands and begged for mercy. We halted, the officers nearest came up to him, he made signs for food and water, and in an instant twenty men rushed from our ranks to offer canteens and haversacks,—they gave him more than he could eat in a week. We now halted for several hours, until the woods were examined by light troops. We then advanced up a narrow road bordered on both sides by a dense thicket. We had marched about an hour, when orders came back for our Regiment to hasten up, as the enemy were in force and in position in front. The road in which we were advancing, is the main road from Matamoros to Point Isabel; about three miles from our fort it is crossed perpendicular by a pond and ravine, the banks on each side covered with a dense chaparral.



This slight sketch will give you a correct idea of the position, if you suppose the pass between the two ponds, the lowest part of a ravine about 80 yards across. The enemy's battery was placed as I have shown, at 'A' six 6-pounders, and two 8-pounders, all brass pieces. They were supported on each flank by their Infantry in two lines, I think, nearly as I have placed them. The line marked 'B' shows where they had dug a trench and secured it with thick bushes. Their line extended half a mile on each side of the road. They had received at this place a reinforcement of two thousand men. Their loss in the battle of the 8th was four or five hundred, killed and wounded. Their force in this new position is five or six thousand.

We had in action less than twelve hundred. Our strongest battalion being in reserve. Our artillery and dragoons forced their way up the road, while the infantry deployed on each side, drove the infantry before them and filled the woods with their dead. From the point marked 'C', the crest of the ravine on our side, Captain May charged with his squadron of dragoons right through, and over their battery, and through the heaviest cross fire from their infantry stationed at the trench and behind the pond; he drove them from their pieces, and took Gen. La Vega, who commanded the Artillery, prisoner.

But they rallied in force and drove the gallant Capt. back; during this time our artillery was pouring in grape upon them from the crest of the ridge, our infantry from the crest of the ridge, our infantry as soon as they could run up, dashed in upon the guns and captured every piece, five out of the eight having the load in them. After those were taken the rest was a mere rout.

They fled in every direction, abandoning every thing; we took their whole camp just as it stood: 150,000 rounds of musket cartridges, a good supply of cannon cartridges, four or five hundred mules with all their equipments for packing, all the baggage of the officers, &c. &c. &c. Never was there a more complete victory, and General Taylor says, "he owes it solely to the individual gallantry of his officers and men." There was, as you perceive, no chance for maneuvering,—it was hard fighting and go ahead. Some of the guns were taken and retaken two or three times. Gen. Arista had two horses killed under him, and our old hero, General Taylor, was constantly in the thickest fire; once, when remonstrated with for stopping at a point where the grape shot and bullets were flying like hail, he said, *well they do come pretty thick, let us go on a little further ahead, and they will all go over us.*

The enemy have lost 48 officers of whom 14 are our prisoners. They must have lost in the two actions over a thousand killed and wounded. Our loss is small, three officers killed. One mortally, four severely, and five or six slightly wounded. Of rank and file some thirty or forty killed and wounded.—I am unable to get the exact number."

**St. Juan de Ulloa.** All advices from Vera Cruz confirm the report that this fortress has been much strengthened since the attack upon it by the French—a large number of Paixhan guns have been mounted, and great preparation made to resist and repel an attack. Large ships cannot approach it within point blank shot, and, of course, no attempt will be made on the part of our naval forces to take possession of this fortress, at least at present. We find in Norman's Rambles the following description of this castle:

"The first object that strikes the eye, in approaching Vera Cruz by water, is the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, with the spires and domes of the churches peering up in the distance behind it. It stands alone upon a small rocky island, on one side of the main entrance to the harbor, and only about half a mile from the wall of the city, and consequently has complete command of the port. The entrance on the other side, is so barred with broken reefs and ledges, that it can only be used by small craft in favorable weather.

The castle is circular and strongly built, and heavily mounted. Its principal strength, however, is in its position, inaccessible except by water, and its guns pointing every way, leaving no side open to the attack of an enemy.

The form of the city of Vera Cruz is semi-circular, fronting the sea. It is situated on an arid plain, surrounded by sand hills, and is *badly supplied with water*. The chief reliance being upon rain collected in cisterns, which are often so poorly constructed as to answer but very little purpose. The chief resource of the lower classes, is the water of a ditch, so impure as frequently to occasion disease. An attempt was made, more than a century ago, to remedy this evil, by the construction of a stone aqueduct from the river Xamapa; but, unfortunately, after a very large sum had been expended on the work, it was discovered that the engineer who constructed it had made a fatal mistake in not ascertaining the true level, and the work was abandoned in despair."

**The New Orleans Tropic of the 16th inst.**, in speaking of the Louisiana volunteers, indulges in the following patriotic strain, from which our readers can form some idea of the military feeling which prevails that State.

"Our State has done her duty nobly and worthily. She has acted consistently and shown herself true to her principles. Upon the call of Gen. Taylor, she has sent forth a quota of troops, which, followed by the rest of the States in the Union according to Congressional representation, would furnish an effective army of over two hundred and fifty thousand men. And yet Louisiana could send into the field, in willing volunteers, twice as many men as she has. This will exhibit how easily we could organize an army of half a million, without a draft upon a single State. We are a great nation—and, as some inspiring music is just going by, we will, in the exuberance of our feelings, lay down our pen and give three cheers for our country on our individual account."

The following extract of a despatch from Matamoros, published in the Mexican papers, from Gen. Mejia to President Paredes, furnishes a good specimen of Mexican style, and presents a striking contrast with the straight-forward, plain matter-of-fact despatches of the American Commander.

"In order to act with judgment, free from the excitement, or rather the patriotic fire which stirred within me at the sight of the star-spangled banner floating over the waters of the Rio Grande, I allowed the first moments to pass without action. Calmness having resumed its seat, I reflected that the river was too broad to admit of the enemy's being reached by our swords and bayonets, unquestionably superior to his, and that a cannonade would only produce a useless shedding of blood, besides damaging the city, whose buildings are not very strong. I therefore resolved on awaiting the arrival of Gen. Ampudia, when, with our united forces, we might give a decisive blow, with the certainty that not a single American would escape."

"I have taken all due precautions in strengthening the works here, and raising fortifications so as to cover the whole line. In the meanwhile, I have operated against the morale of the enemy, introducing discord between the two generals commanding, inspiring them mutually with disgust for each other. Worth, the only man of talent among them, has resigned, and if he leave, as I believe he will, Taylor alone remains in command, and as for him it would be no compliment to our countrymen, in comparing him with the most wretched Mexican tailor. I have also encouraged desertion among the American troops, and from the 25th ultimo, no fewer than 26 soldiers and 4 slaves have passed over to us. In short the triumph of the Mexicans arms is past all doubt, either with the reinforcements I expect, or with the force under my command. Should they pass the river, *their tomb is open!*"

**ARMED VESSELS.**—We learn from the N. Y. Express that all vessels bound out with valuable cargoes, have increased the number of men and carry an armament. A fast sailing Indianman has carried out several hundred muskets to distribute among the rebel Indianmen. A Long Tom on a pivot, with plenty of ammunition, will do a considerable execution, and it is suggested that some such equipments the large packet ships can at a little expense, be placed in a situation to defend themselves against privateers.

**PAEDES, THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.** Waddy Thompson in his late work entitled "Recollections of Mexico," says that General Paredes has the reputation of being a man of talent and military acquirements, and is regarded as a gentleman and a patriot. Under Bustamante's administration the most prominent military commanders were Paredes, Valencia and Canallizo. He adds:

"Paredes and Valencia went over to Santa Anna, and thereby consummated the overthrow of Bustamante's Government. Canallizo adhered with a noble fidelity to the fortunes of his chief, and after Bustamante was vanquished, Canallizo held out for a long time at the head of three hundred men, and by his remarkable gallantry obtained the sobriquet of the 'Lion of Mexico.' As soon as Santa Anna was firmly seated in power, he showered favors of all sorts on Canallizo; amongst other things appointing him President *ad interim* during his own absence from Mexico. He very soon quarrelled with Valencia and Paredes. The former gave up his command, and the latter was arrested and imprisoned in the little town of Tula, thirty miles from Mexico. Paredes resides in the city of Guadalajara, where he is greatly beloved and respected. The department of Guadalajara is in every respect the finest in Mexico, with more intelligence, and of course, virtue, better farms, a better population, and sounder political principles than any other. Gen. T. knew, when he left Mexico, that Paredes was only waiting for the proper moment to strike, and that his friends in Guadalajara were perfectly organized had regularly secret meetings, and were also waiting for the moment of advantageous opportunity. This unfortunately for himself, Santa Anna gave them. Reposing in the false security which his flatterers had made him believe that he enjoyed, and no longer apprehending any danger from Paredes, he appointed him governor of Sohora, a department upon the Pacific ocean. On his way to his department, Paredes passed through Guadalajara, and his arrival there was the signal for the pronouncement which resulted in the defeat & overthrow of Santa Anna."

The following interesting particulars of the battle of the 9th ult. are from a letter addressed to the National Intelligencer dated:

New Orleans, May 18, 1846.

"All accounts agree that the army who fought Gen. Taylor were well and fully supplied with every requisite, and that they displayed much skill and firmness in action. Gen. Vega, now here, says that the charge made by the dragoons under Capt. May, and the consequent capture of the Mexican artillery, saved the American army. These guns were not only advantageously posted, but had a breast-work thrown up, with a ditch in front of it, in fact an actual battery. So soon as Gen. Taylor perceived it, he rode up to Capt. May and told him he must take it at any cost; and off he dashed, at the head of three troops of dragoons, going forward like a tornado, bounding over ditch, breast-work, and everything else that came in his way, followed by the fifth infantry, in full run, who nobly supported him, although of course the horses' heels outstripped them in the race. One of the published accounts stated that the Mexicans subsequently remained these guns; but I learn this was not the case, as the fifth regiment followed so close that they prevented it, and the Mexicans never again fired those guns, and they remained in our possession. Eighteen dragoons, among them the first lieutenant of May's troop, fell or were dismounted by their fire in the charge. A simultaneous cheer rang through our ranks as they saw the dragoons so gallantly dash over the breast-work, and as one letter expresses it,—"right through the Mexicans like a streak of lightning." Capt. May, himself, killed three Mexicans in the charge, and personally made Gen. Vega his prisoner. So advantageously was this battery posted, one letter says, that had it not been immediately silenced, it would in a very short time have made sad havoc in our ranks, and the sudden fall of two or three hundred of our men under its fire might have had a very unhappy result; as it was it never fired but once round. The poor "thoughtless creatures," I suppose, never dreamed of dragoons storming a battery. Another striking feature in the battle, and at which Gen. Vega has expressed great surprise, was the manner in which our artillery was maneuvered and served; the celerity and precision was a subject of general remark and admiration; one portion of it dashed forward with the horses at top speed against a body of Mexican infantry, and before the latter had hardly time to see what it was or make any movement, they had halted, the horses were detached, the guns unlimbered, and pouring in the grape with such rapidity and effect that the Mexicans broke at once under the fire."

**WADDY THOMPSON'S EAST-THOMASTON.**

THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1846.

**Agents for the Gazette.**

J. D. BARNARD, / Thomaston.  
S. S. SINGER, /  
WASHINGTON & JORDAN, B'fst.  
SAMUEL LIBBY, Camden  
HENRY FOSSETT, Union.  
ASA PAYSON, Hope.  
A. MARTIN, Goose River.  
S. B. WETHERBEE, Warren.

**Official Despatches from the Army.**

The official report from the Army, differs a little from what was in our last week's paper. Two battles were fought on the 8th and 9th. The strength of the enemy were supposed to have been about six thousand men, with seven pieces of Artillery, and eight hundred Cavalry. The strength of the American forces did not exceed—altogether—twenty-three hundred. The victory, on the part of the American forces, was complete. Eight pieces of artillery with a great quantity of ammunition, three standards and some one hundred prisoners were taken, among the latter Gen. Vega, and several other officers. One general is understood to have been killed. The loss of the Americans is not far from 3 officers and 10 men killed, and 13 officers and 100 men wounded, while that of the enemy was, in all probability, over 300 killed; more than 200 were buried by Gen. Taylor on the two fields of battle. General Taylor, in his despatch, says—"It affords me particular pleasure to report that the field work opposite Matamoros has sustained itself bravely during a cannonade and bombardment of 140 hours. But the pleasure is alloyed with profound regret at the loss of its heroic and indomitable commander, Mejia. Brown, who died today from the effect of a shell. His loss would be a severe one to the service at any time, but to the army under my orders, it is indeed irreparable. One officer and one non-commissioned officer killed and ten men wounded, comprise all the casualties incident to this severe bombardment."

From Gen. Taylor's last despatch we quote the following—"I have exchanged a sufficient number of prisoners to recover the command of Capt. Thornton. The wounded prisoners have been sent to Matamoros—the wounded officers on their parole. General La Vega and a few other officers have been sent to New Orleans, having declined a parole, and will be reported to Maj. Gen. Gaines. I am not conversant with the usages of war in such cases, and beg that such provision may be made for these prisoners as may be authorized by law. Our own prisoners have been treated with great kindness by the Mexican officers."

**U. S. SENATOR.**—The Legislature of this State on Friday last, balloted for an U. S. Senator, for six years from March next, in place of Mr. Evans. In the Senate Gov. Anderson had 27 votes. Mr. Evans had 3, and Luther Severance 1. On the part of the House, Hamilton, Hamlin, had 82, Mr. Evans 56, Sam'l Fessenden 4, and 1 scattering. Today, (Wednesday,) was fixed upon for a second balloting.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce under date of May 27th, says:—"It is said that the orders given to Gen. Scott to take command of the Army in person have been revoked."

The opinion is gaining ground that Bishop Hughes is about to visit Mexico in his clerical capacity and is entrusted with certain confidential operations by the President. Two Catholic prelates have also been appointed Chaplains to the Army, and orders have been given to abstain from pillaging the churches in Mexico under the severest penalties."

The National Fair at Washington is attracting crowds of visitors from all quarters, it is reported by a brilliant success.

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The letters say that, from the first to the last of the action, there was not a mistake, a false movement, or one moment's hesitation or wavering on the part of either officers or men in the most prompt execution of every order that was given. I have always understood that a merest set of officers were never collected with any army, and they do distinguished honor to West Point, where nearly the whole of them graduated."

"Capt. May, we believe, is a New England man; from old Massachusetts."

A correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce says:

"An invasion from different points, at the same time, the forces all aiming at the city of Mexico, has been talked of. A distinguished officer of the army has, it is said, given it as his opinion that a force of a hundred thousand men will be necessary for the object. In the meantime, the Government have taken a step which is decided and important as a march to the Mexican capital. The American squadron, under Commodore Stockton, have orders to take possession of St. Francisco and Monterey, and to hold those places against all opposition. I know this to be a fact."

This writer does not seem to be aware of the fact that Commodore Stockton, commands the U. S. squadron in the Pacific!

**PROVISION OF FIRE ARMS.**—We learn from Watervliet that the government has 200,000 muskets at that place, now ready for shipment at a moment's notice; and that there are also 800,000 in the various depots, independent of the state armories, which contain from 300,000 to 400,000 more. There need not, therefore, be fear of a scarcity of guns. If more are wanted A. Spies, of this city, bought yesterday at Watervliet 500,000 muskets.—N. Y. Evening Post.

**NAVY.** The U. S. brig Perry, Lt. Com. Blake, sailed on Tuesday morning from Hampton Roads. She takes out Mr. McKen, as bearer of despatches to our Pacific squadron, whom she will leave at Chagres, and then come under the command of Com. Connor, who is in command of the Gulf.

The U. S. brig Truxton is fitting out with all despatch, at the navy yard, and will be ready for sea by Saturday. She will be under the command of Capt. E. W. Carpenter. Her destination will be to cruise off Havana.—Norfolk Herald.

Gen. Gaines, the old war-horse, has been spurring himself on too fast again. General Taylor complains in his published despatches, of the old gentleman's interference, and the War Department has to countenance some of his unauthorized requisitions.—N. Y. Commercial.

**THE CARROL BOYS.**—A remarkable fine body of men, 70 strong, came here yesterday from Carroll Parish. Among them we recognized many of our old friends. They are under the command of Capt. Keene, and immediately on their arrival have mustered themselves into service under Col. Marks, whose regiment is now full. N. O. Bulletin, 12th.



69 THOMAS HARRISON STOKEL



